

## **Sayings of 'Bosun' Steve**

### **On being introduced to the music John Coltrane and Messaien**

"One day I may grow up to love such music, but I will always have severe doubts about you for recommending it!"

### **On pride**

Is a little of it so deadly, d'you think? It's hard to think of anyone who's in any way interesting, who doesn't have any pride – by which I mean , 'consciousness of self' – but maybe we are talking of excessive pride...?

### **On life's little difficulties**

One only has to ask oneself, "what would dear old Ollie Reed do in this situation?" and life's decisions become a simple bagatelle.

### **On historians**

Simon Shama's 3-vol History of Britain. This man is a flipping genius and this is the best modern history of your country you're ever likely to get.

### **On himself in later years**

As a 'professional grumpy old geezer', I'm well aware that I can be brusque/terse/rude/dismissive. I don't think this is something that can be "helped" at this late stage in my life but thank you for that thought. I'm afraid it's how I am, my style is often very abrasive. As my Mum used to say, "don't make that nasty face - the wind will blow and you'll stay like that!" But of course, I didn't listen...

### **On academia**

"Academia is ok as a hobby son, but it's not a proper job...."

### **On history and historians**

I really don't think it's History's job to forecast anything - though that doesn't stop some of them! I'm still trying, despite evidence to the contrary (LOL), to hang on to my "March of Everyman" historical standpoint.

### **On his friends**

Avast me hearties! Let's continue life's voyage whatever the waves may bring. Love on ya.

## Further sayings of 'Bosun' Steve

### Excerpt from sleeve notes to the album 'The Defendants On Appeal'

Is there really an artistic niche-market to be exploited by such a motley collection of social outcasts and certifiable balloon-heads as this so-called 'band'? It would seem so. This present release 'The Defendants On Appeal' provides an overview of how some ingenious *modus operandi*, some cunning design for action, could be applied that most unfortunate of modern musico-artistic phenomena: severely limited aptitude and imagination, combined with near-infinite licence and capability to make a LOUD NOISE for a LONG TIME.

### On teaching

Teaching generally all seems a bit of a treadmill, but to be a jolly old buffer regaling a bunch of OU students on such subjects as Juvenal's Satires, Church and State in 17th century England, or Neo-Classical painting in revolutionary France, might well appeal to me.

### On crime

I heard in that betting scandal the other day, the police arrested a man in the centre of Manchester who was "60-odd years old and knew nothing about football". Didn't take them long to collar Sven Ericsson then....

### On one of his guitars

Since getting a Gretsch 6120 (Brian Setzer) guitar a few years ago, I've been struggling to get to grips with it and impose the STEVE T personality on it. We got it in Greenwich Village and to me it was the only guitar in the shop that really sounded right for a Gretsch.

### On grammar

The buffoon is also subject to the "displaced comma" which, you can see an example of in this very sentence.

### On modern culture

Imagine I come round to your house. I tell you that a wonderful new Stravinsky tone poem has been discovered and we should listen to it. But instead of the real thing, I propose that you listen to me picking out the main themes on a £20 2-octave Bontempi organ. Is that the quality of life we want? To me, that's what 6 TV episodes of War & Peace is like.

### On life, the universe and everything

I largely endorse an Aristotelian position - simply put "*something* has always existed, *something* exists now, and *something* will always exist." This as a continuum; I don't recognise any starting-point - why should one be needed? Predeterminism is extremely difficult to square with free will - as the mental struggles of Luther, Calvin and others aptly demonstrate.

### On service in restaurants

If I'm having High Tea at The Savoy (a couple of times, as you ask), I don't expect some filthy snivelling peasant in a stinking hair-shirt tunic and reprehensible trousers to turn up to serve it, fleas jumping out of his pudding-bowl-haircut head on my cucumber sandwiches and warming up his fetid crotch with my teapot.